

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

PRICE 10 CENTS

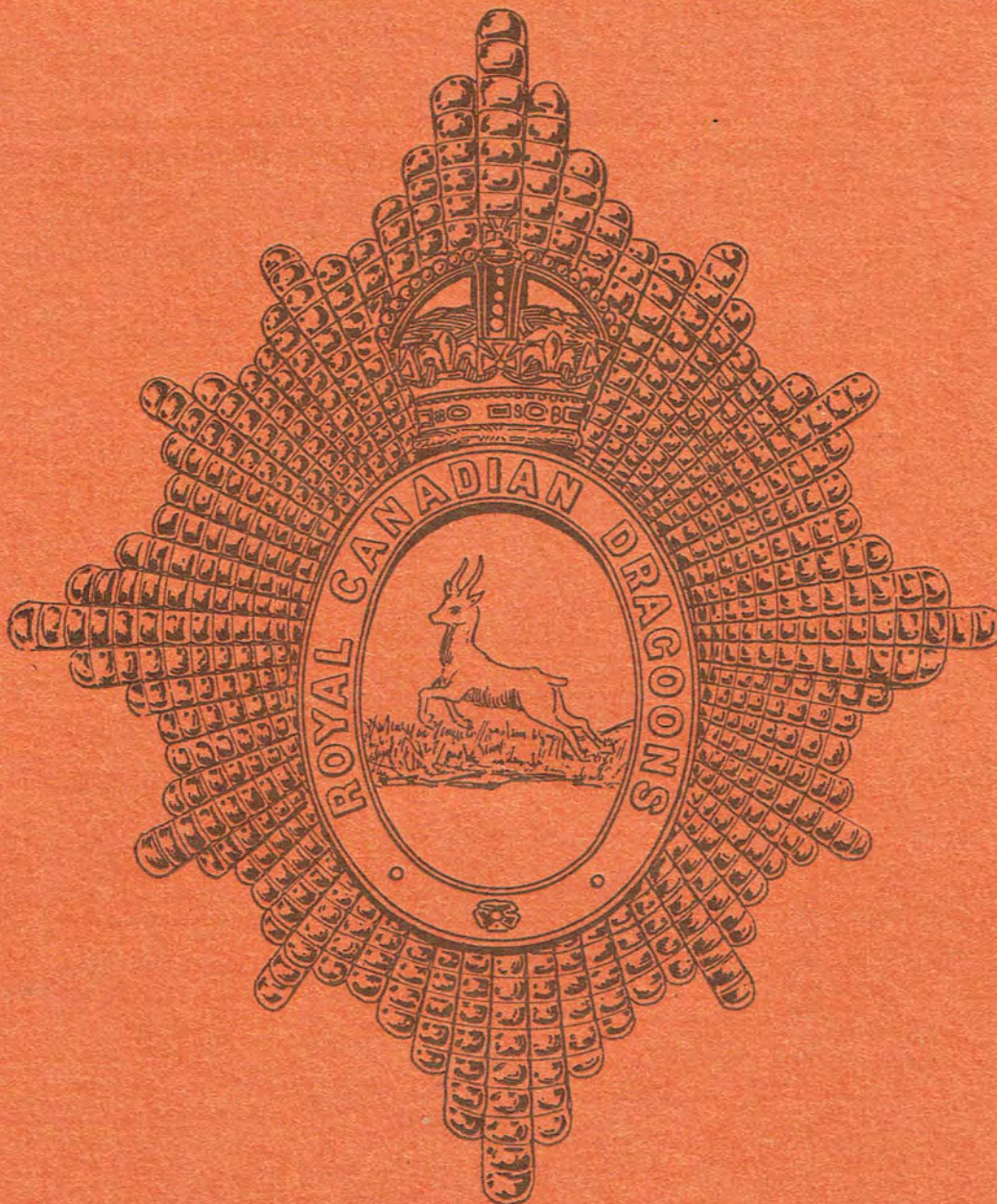
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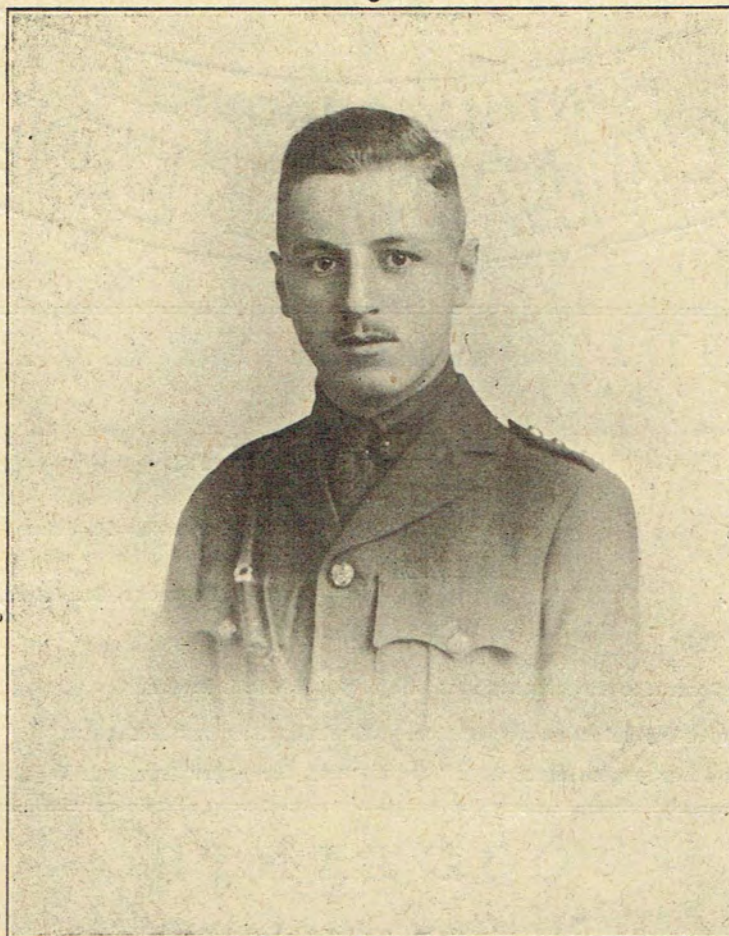
Editorial.

During the summer months, when one's thoughts turn to cool drinks and warm bathing beauties,

the job of the editor becomes rather a bore. One could spend an afternoon very comfortably on the river instead of in the stuffy den of "The Goat." But someone has to do the job, and when we con-

sider the amount of assistance we receive from our ex-members, we feel quite "bucked up" and fit to carry on indefinitely. The point of all this is that if you expect a lengthy editorial you will be sadly

disappointed this month. We feel too warm to indulge in the usual multitudinous platitudes that seem to be the prerogative of editors in general. Our editorial maxim for the present season is "Keep Cool."



THE LATE LIEUTENANT DONALD STODART GWYN, M.C.,
ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

Born at Sherbrooke, Que., October 1st, 1896. Educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que. Entered the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., 1914. Granted Special War Commission in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, June, 1915, and was posted to the Depot Squadron at Stanley Barracks, Toronto. Proceeded overseas in 1916 with 5th Overseas Draft. Awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery during the raid on "Lilly Trench," February, 1918. Seriously wounded at Jussy on March 23rd, 1918, and invalided to England. Killed through enemy action at sea whilst he was returning from convalescent leave in Ireland when the S.S. "Linster" was torpedoed on October 10th, 1918. His body was afterwards recovered, and he was buried in the cemetery of the Royal Irish Constabulary at Dublin.

Personal & Regimental

(ST. JOHNS)

The team that represented "A" Squadron at the annual meeting of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association at Point-aux-Trembles was fairly successful. Practically all our men made their expenses. The team was composed of Sgt.-Major (W.O.1) Dowdell, Q.M.S. I. Brown, Q.M.S. Snape, Sgt. Gardener, Cpl. McKerrall, Cpl. Green, Tpr. Gilmore and Tpr. Harrington. The above team, with the exception of Q.M.S. Snape and Sgt. Gardener, has left for Ottawa to take part in the annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association. Cpl. Green was successful in winning a free trip to Ottawa at the provincial shoot.

The following have purchased their discharge during the past month: L/Cpl. Weeks, W.E., Tpr. Dobson, H.L., Tpr. Hannah, D., and Tpr. Rodney, J. P. "The Goat" wishes these men the best of luck in their civilian ventures.

Tpr. Cross, R., has re-enlisted with "A" Squadron. 953, Boy McKenna has been taken on the strength of "A" Squadron.

Pte. Lecker, R.C.A.M.C., has been transferred to the Station Hospital, St. Johns.

Capt. J Wood was a visitor in St. Johns during the past month.

Major F. Sawers, Sergt-Major Dowdell and Q.M.S.I. Brown will proceed to Adlershot Camp, N.S., on August 30th.

Capt. Nicholls, R.C.R., was in town for a few days.

Lieutenant Hansen, U.S.A.N., and Mrs. Hansen, who are spending a two months vacation touring Canada, visited the barracks recently. Lieut. Hansen has recently returned from Shanghai, China, where he was stationed for two years. He is now on duty at the Naval Staff Academy, Annapolis.

Sgt.-Major Smith, who has been very ill during the past few weeks, has been moved from the Civic Hospital, Ottawa, to the Station Hospital, St. Johns. We are all very pleased to learn that he is progressing favourably.

Capt. Hammond intends competing at the Horse Show at the Centennial Exhibition, Ottawa.

The Sergeants' Mess annual

shoot, which was to have been held on August 8th, was postponed owing to the inclement weather that prevailed on that day, and will be held on some future date.

Capt. and Mrs. M. Drury will be among the competitors in the Horse Show held in conjunction with the Sherbrooke Exhibition, which commences on August 28th.

Old Comrades.

The following extract from Militia Orders map prove interesting: "Captain W. J. Whitehead posted to command 79th Field Battery, Canadian Artillery."

Mr. Allan Case has returned from England, where he acted as one of the judges at the Horse Show held at Olympia, London. He has since been to Coburg, Ont., where he has been playing polo with the successful Toronto team.

Lt.-Col. M. H. Muirhead, O.B.E. was a visitor to the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on Sunday, August 15th. We hope to have a really interesting news item about Col. Whitehead in the near future.

Ex-Tpr. Bonacina rendered valuable help in locating two horses that strayed from the grazing field recently. The animals were located about four miles from St. Johns.

Ex-Tpr. D. Sawers is located with the Central Y.M.C.A., Drummond St., Montreal.

Ex-Sgt. R. Davies has moved to Toronto. His address is 321 Danforth Ave.

Personal & Regimental

(Niagara Camp)

Mrs. Walker Bell is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Breckenridge Porter at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. Stethem is staying at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Major and Mrs. Stethem and Major Timmis paid a visit to Niagara Falls to see the wonderful illuminations on the evening of July 12th. It is claimed that the 36 searchlights used, first as white lights and later with various shades of beautiful colours, from dark-red, red, pink, mauve, orange, yellow and green, the relative positions of these colours being changed every few minutes, are a million candle power each. There is no finer sight conceivable on a night when there is no wind

and the spray from the Horseshoe Falls floats up a thousand feet and more above the centre of the falls.

On Friday, July 16th, Colonel Walker Bell and officers of the Permanent Force mess, gave a big supper-dance. Supper was served at 8.30 on the lawn. Small tables were scattered about the lawn and in all seated one hundred guests. An excellent orchestra from St. Catharines played on the verandah. Dancing took place in the spacious mess room, which, it might be noted, is the room that was added onto the original Butler's Barracks. The room is panelled with bass-wood and was the gift of Sir John Eaton during the war. In the regrettable absence of Mrs. Walker Bell, owing to a cold, which prevented her coming from Toronto, the colonel received the guests, among whom were many American friends from Buffalo, etc., and those many kind friends of the regiment who have so generously entertained the officers in the past. A full moon shone brightly all night, and in the absence of a dew the weather conditions could not have been more ideal. "The King" was played just before 2 a.m. Everyone voted the entertainment the best they had been to for a long while.

Tpr. (Taffy) Walters returned from his vacation in Xsmthurgasty-thirsty, South Wales, on the 14th of July, and is spending the remainder of his six weeks furlough at Niagara Camp, where his thirst will wear off.

Lance-Corporal R. J. Hider proceeded to R.C.S.S., Camp Borden, on July 19th to take a course. We all wish him success.

Lance-Corporal A. E. Galloway

proceeded on furlough from July 16th to 27th for an introduction to an increase in the household. Alice Patricia Dorothy Galloway will be taken on the strength of the annual christmas tree until she attains the age of fourteen.

After waiting four years, Cpl. Macdonald was placed on the married establishment on the 16th of July, 1926.

Sgt. W. G. Tamlyn departed from his many friends on July 23rd to take a course at C.S.A.S. Ottawa. It is hoped that during his stay there he will not survey the surrounding vicinity—Hull, P.Q. (Beware of tent pegs).

The following have purchased their discharge to venture civil life: Tpr. W. G. Neal, Tpr. J. C. Pratt, Tpr. C. Alderson, Tpr. R. W. Armitage, Tpr. C. Alderson. We wish them every success and hope to see them at our next Old Comrades gathering.

Tpr. S. H. MacAleer is leaving "B" Squadron on July 27th to take up a position as transport inspector at the Coke Ovens, Nova Scotia. We hope to see him at our next camp at New Waterford, N. S. (R.I.P.)

The District Officer Commanding Military District So. 2 made his inspection at Niagara Camp in field work on July 27th-28th.

It is understood that Q.M.S.I. Karcher intends purchasing a car in the near future as he has been doing pretty well lately at Bridge. He has already had several week-ends at the expense of the boys.

The following N.C.O.'s have received promotion: Cpl. J. Britt to rank of Sergeant; L/Cpl. R. J. Hider to rank of Corporal; A/Cpl.



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T. H. Page to rank of Corporal.

S/Sgt. (Foxy) Edwards, R.C.E., visited camp on Thursday, July 21st to say goodbye prior to his proceeding for Halifax on transfer. His many friends will miss him at this station. Some members of the Sergeants' Mess consider they will now have a better chance when playing "pin pool."

The R.C.D. have suddenly blossomed forth with riding instructors, in fact some of these are seldom seen in camp now. Teaching the art of swimming is a hot second.

Mrs. Gaby, wife of Dr. Gaby, the chief engineer of the Hydro-Electric system, escorted Major Stethem, Major Timmis, and Captain James and suitable escorts over the new hydro-electric station near Queenston. This station is one of the largest power stations in the world and has a normal capacity of seven million kilowatt hours per day, which is equivalent to the power produced by five million tons of coal per year.

Here and There.

"Horse Sense." (Extract from the (London) Live Stock Journal)

The education of a horse, like that of a man, is most easily carried out and perfected when young. The amount of time and teaching required to make a first-class hunter or hack must naturally vary according to the animal's natural spirit and intelligence, but the principles of the art of breaking are always the same. Whoever undertakes to handle and to break young horses requires courage, good temper and endless patience, and he must have a natural love of horses. Horses need much more careful training now than they did years ago. They meet all sorts of alarming-looking steam and oil-driven vehicles on the roads. The roads themselves provide no safe footing for a horse nowadays, and if a young horse taken on the road begins to rear and plunge or take fright at some furniture van or anything of the kind, he may soon slip up and seriously injure himself and his rider. They must be got accustomed to all sorts of sights and sounds, and smells too, and, therefore, early handling and breaking is of greater importance than ever.

Whenever we see a vicious horse it is almost safe to assume that he was spoilt in the breaking and his education neglected when young.

Good manners greatly add to the value of any horse, whatever his work may be.

Good Horses Still Appeal

(Extract from the Kitchener Ont., Record)

The horse has taken a secondary place in the life of our times. But for dignity and true beauty the most luxurious and costly automobile ever manufactured cannot hold a candle to such specimens of the equine world as those magnificent examples of grave intelligence ridden in such splendid fashion here by the men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Human Nature

Premier Baldwin, at the Mansion House, speaking recently on behalf of the Polytechnic Institution, said:—"Man has four sides to his nature, and it is only as he develops each side that he can stand four-square to every wind that blows. The four sides are spiritual, physical, mental and social. The man who only develops the social becomes a crank; the spiritual becomes a bigot; the physical becomes a beast, and the mental becomes a devil."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

(From Niagara)

Who is the sheik in the Fourth Troop who is at present using finger-nail polish? Say something, Buster.

Who is the man that has a secret jump somewhere in the vicinity of the horse lines? Judging by his jumping he may, with a possible streak of luck, get the 10th prize at the sports.

What made the 1st Troop so quiet after the first game with the 4th Troop at football? Ask the troop officer. And who is the man who was going to score two goals against the 4th Troop? What have you to say, "Bad-man?"

Who is the W.O. II. who prays every night before retiring and was heard to say in his prayer, "Thank God I am an American," when suddenly another was heard, "Yes, from the Hook of Holland."

Where did Q.M.S.I. Karcher get his qualifications from as an instructor on that wicked game baseball?

Who is the sergeant that in-

structs "co-operation" at all times and neglect to carry it out? Whether he knows the meaning of co-operation. For his information the meaning is given here: "Co-operation — the act of working jointly; concurrence."

Who is the sergeant who pats himself on the back in the mess at all meal times for something that he does not know or do. A little further instruction is necessary to put him in his correct place.

Who was the officer of the P. B.I. who attempted to demonstrate the suitability of plus fours for riding? His agility qualifies him for the R.C.D. circus.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

How did Bill Tamlyn fall over a tent peg?

How did Tich Travers manage to get in contact with a pail of water?

Section 5, paragraph 5, Machine Gun Training, 1925, states: "The efficiency of machine guns so largely depends on the skill of the drivers and on the training and condition of the horses that the maintenance of a high standard of equitation, driving and horsemanship is essential in all machine gun units." Is this why Tpr. M. transferred from "B" Squadron to a machine gun unit?

Are the inhabitants of Niagara-on-the-Lake who own dogs deaf, or do they allow the incessant barking and yapping all night long with the hope of driving the troops away? The camp dogs add to the din.

Who got the black eye after the dance, and who gave it? Conduct unbecoming, etc., etc.

Was it a tent peg?

The new motordrome inside the compound has been taken into use, and some expert driving over obstacles witnessed (by those who were awake.)

The vicar was administering consolation to a parishioner who had recently lost her husband. "No, Mrs. Foggett," he said, unctuously, "we never realise the full value of anything until we lose it."

"No, sir," answered the widow, sadly, "but I shan't realise anything. Poor Bill wasn't insured."

Bytown Bits.

Dragoons Camp:—The outstanding feature in the military world in July was the annual camp of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. The regiment under Lieut Col. W. A. Blue with 115 all ranks went into camp on the 7th and came out on the 15th. Three days downpour made the young soldiers realize what the older ones had experienced in the days of the war, but all entered into the spirit without any grouching. All ranks messed with the Small Arms School. The regimental sports were held on the Saturday followed by an At Home given by the officers of the regiment. Despite the weather and the races a large crowd ran out from the city to see the troopers. The Cavalry Camp school composed of 16 officers and N.C.O.'s went to camp on the 1st and finished with the regiment. They received instruction from Major W. Baty Captain J. Wood and Q.M.S.I. Aisthorpe DCM.MM.

Wednesday the 14th was an even ful day and a fitting climax to the nine days at camp. In the morning the regiment was inspected during mounted training by Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C.B. C.M.G., D.S.O., D.O.C., MD No 3, accompanied by Capt. S. A. Lee, of the district headquarters staff, and Col. L. P. Sherwood, officer commanding the 2nd mounted brigade. After the inspection General Elmsley presented to Major E. A. Devit the Colonial Auxiliary Force Long Service Medal.

Major Devit started in the ranks of the regiment and worked up, prior to and after his overseas service, to the command of "A" Squadron, in which he enlisted as a trooper.

Capt. P. Pilley, district paymaster conducted a parade of the regiment. During the afternoon and evening practical and written examinations were held for the P.L.D.G. cavalry school, which has been in training for the past sixteen days. The candidates were as follows: Pr.-Lieut. E. P. Taylor, C. S. MacPherson, R. B. Meredith, W. W. Williams, H. A. Supple; Corporals G. Armstrong, A. M. Contway, R. E. Denison, C. E. House; Troopers S. C. McLennan, H. A. Munro, G. Nesbitt.

A grand finale was held in the evening in the form of a sing-song around the camp fire.

Throughout the camp session all daily orders and lists of sports and competitions were mimeographed so that copies were received by the members.

Several regimental contests were

held during the session in which the competition was keen. In these competitions for the best squadron in the regiment the prize of \$20 was won by "B" Squadron. The marks were as follows:

	"A"	"B"	"C"
1.—Attendance .	22	19	14
2.—Musketry ...	41.1	38.3	25.9
3.—Drill	50	55	35
4.—Horses	35	38	40
5.—Sqdn. Lines .	45.2	47.9	45.8
6.—Dress & Eqpt.	34.1	35.3	27
7.—Services	22	20	9.5
8.—Punctuality	39	37	38
Totals	288.4	290.5	235.2

Competition "B" for the best troop in the regiment was won by "B" Squadron, commanded by Lt. E. A. M. Jarvis.

Competition "C" for the best section in the regiment was won by "B" Squadron. The section consisted of Corpis. A. Germonat, Troopers R. A. Ramsay, W. M. Ramsay, and E. G. O. Way, took the "Birks" trophy.

Competition "D" for the best lines in camp, the winners receiving the Courtney Challenge Shield, was won by "B" Squadron.

Competition "E"—Best Shot

H.Q.—Best shot badge and \$3.—Sig. Sgt. E. R. Wilson; \$2.00, Sig. A. Dorion.

"A" Squadron best shot badge and \$3.00 — S.Q.M.S. H. Wyse; \$2.00, Tpr. D. W. MacCallum.

"B" Squadron, best shot badge and \$3.00 — Sgt. G. D. Nesbitt; \$2.00, Cpl. G. F. Turner.

"C" Squadron, best shot badge and \$3.00 — Tpr. H. A. Munro; \$2.00, Tpr. J. F. Poirier.

Competition "F" P.L.D.G.R.A. Challenge Cup

Won by H.Q. team consisting of Major G. G. D. Kilpatrick, D.S.O., R.Q.M.S. D. Carroll, Serjt. H. A. B. MacCracken, Cpl. L. C. Williams.

The indoor baseball league champions were "A" Squadron, H.Q. being second.

Shooting—1st class shot, Officers' Challenge Cup, won by Major the Rev. G. D. Kilpatrick, score, 87 out of a possible 105. Second class — N.C.O.'s Challenge Cup, won by Sgt. E. R. Wilson, 85 out of a possible 105. Third class — Sparks Challenge Trophy, won by Trooper G. Nesbitt, 72 out of possible 105. P.L.D.G. Challenge Cup open for headquarters and three squadrons, possible 420 points, 1st, Headquarters, 312; 2nd, Squadron, 292. Headquarters team was composed of Major Rev. Kilpatrick, R.Q.M.S. D. Carroll, Corpl. L. Williams, Sgt. H. MacCracken. In the competition only open sights were used.

rick, R.Q.M.S. D. Carroll, Corpl. L. Williams, Sgt. H. MacCracken. In the competition only open sights were used.

Movies at Connaught.—Do not fail to see "The Glorious Twelfth" with Bill Baty and his wonder horse, Jiggs. Jiggs, the white-coated steed who has appeared on every Orange parade for the last 25 years. See this one; it is a wow. "The Seven Keys to Baldpate," with Joe Trudeau, the hairless wonder.

Ride Him Cowboy. — A well-known sergeant of the P.L.D.G. provided great fun for the lads one day when his mount bolted with him across the area. The waving sword and the snorting steed were a wonderful sight, and the cheers of encouragement from a squadron that was dismounted at the time were original and instructive if not of the complimentary nature.

King Bill Baty. — One of the great sights at Connaught Ranges during the Dragoons' camp was Major Bill Baty riding the white horse on July 12th. Bill rode him for a mile or so and then, realizing that an officer should not show any leanings towards any party or creed, returned to the lines. It is



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denied that the fact that the horse would not neck rein had anything to do with the case, or that the Past Grand Master of the A.O.H., Capt. Joe Trudeau, had anything to do with the matter.

Wailing at Connaught.—After a recent official visit to the vicinity of Connaught by a number of authorized representatives, the morale of the camp dropped to a very great degree. The spiritual barometer registered storms.

The Navy Train.—A large number of the Ottawa half company of the R.C.N.V.R. are at sea with H.M.S. Capetown, doing special training. Acting Sub. Lieut. J. Hose is in charge of the sea party.

The Centenary. — Military Ottawa will do its bit to make the centenary celebration a success. On August 15th a garrison church parade was held to Lansdowne Park and besides the city corps the Queen's Own Rifles from Toronto and the Royal 22nd Regiment from Quebec, with their band, were present. On Monday the 16th there was a big military celebration and tattoo in front of the grandstand at the exhibition grounds. All units of the garrison put on special stunts, and the march past was

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followed by a tactical scheme in which the cavalry played an important part.

A Busy Time.—Ottawa will be a busy city during August. The fall meet at Connaught opened on the 5th and the D.R.A. and Centenary held the grounds for the week of the 16th. The week following the Central Canada Exhibition will be in full swing.

Is Home.—Lieut.-Col. R. J. Orde, Judge Advocate General, has returned to Ottawa after being attached to the War Office for the last six months.

Cavalry Association.—At a recent meeting of the representatives of the 2nd Mounted Brigade, Lt. T. D. Johnston, 3rd P.W.C.D., was elected district vice-president, and Col. L. P. Sherwood the district secretary. The convention will be held the first Monday in October at Edmonton. In the event of Col. Sherwood not being able to be present, his place will be filled by Major E. A. Devitt, P.L.D.G.

Looks Like —! The R.C.A.F. details that parade with the summer lightweight khaki and blue forage cap are about in the same class with the absent-minded senator that turned out at the last drawing room in evening dress and tan boots.

Ex-Members.—I was rather surprised to read in the July issue from Mons. Le Bo that he would have a blue time looking for ex-members of the regiment in Ottawa. Well, there is a good bunch here. We can start with Major General MacBrien, then Col. Sherwood, Major Charley Olmstead, Capt. Henry Bate and myself. Then there is Billy Maxwell, Jack Albert and Scotty Berry, all on the fire department, Sergt. Dad Nash with the D.S.C.R., Billy Doxey, who is a carpenter by trade, Bill Kennedy, who holds out at the city hall, and George Beardsley, who graces the civil service. There may be one or two more, and if Mons. Le Bo will try hard he can always find a few of the old guard who are ready and willing to talk over the by-gone days with the "ould rigimint."

At St. Ouen.—It was down at St. Ouen in the early summer of 1918 that what always struck me as a funny thing happened. In "C" Squadron mess we had a cheery soul named Banks, who was the mess waiter. Banks had an abundant flow of wit and was, I believe, a western newspaper man.

One morning Newe. came in with a bit of a liver and roared at Banks for pepper, to smother his morning ham and eggs with. "We have not got any, sir," said the respectful Banks. "Why the blue blazes haven't you?" roared Newe. "None came in the rations, sir," was the answer. "Did you ask madame?" was the comeback. "Yes sir," from Banks. "What did you ask for?" "Du pep," was the meek reply from Banks.

An Offer.—If the members of the 40-Turner syndicate will give the required order, I will arrange to have the hot air that will be spouted at the next session stored and canned, for use on the proposed polar expedition.

Has Retired.—Inspector Harry Fraser, R.C.M.P., has retired from the force, and after a visit home intends going into business in Vancouver. Inspector Fraser, prior to joining the police, was in the Imperial service and afterwards with the Strathconas. He joined the Police prior to the war and during that period served with the Black Watch. He has just returned to Ottawa after two years at Fort Smith, where his principal companions, outside of the Interior Department officials, were timber wolves and icebergs.

Dinner Party.—A very pleasant event was held at the Canadian Small Arms School on August 13, when Lieut.-Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., M.C., the Commandant, and his staff, entertained at a dinner party. The dinner marked the 25th anniversary of the founding of the original Canadian School of Musketry that was first started at the old Rockcliffe Range in 1901 under command of Lieut.-Col. R. Cartwright, R.C.R. A large number of officers of headquarters and the commanding officers of city units journeyed out for the evening.

Little girl (at confectioner's): "My mother says there was a fly in the cake she bought here yesterday."

Confectioner: "Hi, lassie, I likes to treat all my customers fair. Tell yer mother to bring the fly back and I'll give her a currant for it."

She: "You should always make light of your troubles."

He: "I do; whenever a tradesman sends me a bill I burn it."

Georgina: "You looked awfully foolish when you proposed to me."

George: "Well, very likely I was."

Chicago Notes.

(By Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.)

Fort Sheridan Horse Show

The long awaited Fort Sheridan Horse Show took place on July 16 and 17, and certainly bore out the oft-repeated saying "What is worth having is worth waiting for." Although the weather could have been improved upon, especially Saturday, the large and appreciative audience, well sheltered in the grandstand, was put to very little inconvenience, the poor exhibitors in the ring getting all the wetting.

The show was held at the Fort Sheridan post, and the ring, a permanent outdoor one, was well designed and tastefully decorated. There were two courses for jumpers, an innovation which might well be copied by other outdoor shows. The inside course in front of the grandstand was for ring jumping classes, while the outside course, consisting of a solid hedge, a water jump, rail fence, in and out and bank, a distance of roughly quarter of a mile, was for the hunters and hunt teams. Time counted in these events and all entrees had to travel at a good hunting pace to qualify. Certainly the spectacle of the hunting teams in pink negotiating the course over natural obstacles and running over the green turf, always well within view of the grandstand, will live in my memory for a long time.

The feature jumping event which took place on Saturday afternoon, July 17th, was the Olympic Course, in which 43 of the best jumpers took part. The winner turned out to be "Killconnell," owned and ridden by B. L. Behr, second prize going to "June Night," the wonderful black mare owned and splendidly ridden by George Strom Jr., while third place was awarded to "Golden Sunset," a product of the Bate Gold Note Stock Farm, and owned by Mrs. Mary C. Llewellyn, of Chicago. The riding in this event was exceptionally good and the performances put up, considering it was the first time many of the horses had negotiated the Olympic Course, was above the standard. Mention might be made of the exceptional performance of young George Strom on "June Night." This youngster, after being tied for second place, made a clean performance on the jump-off, the only one made by any of the 43 entrants. This boy is going to be a great performer over the jumps if he keeps on and already he has won many ribbons with his game little mare.

"June Night."

In the polo pony classes, "Florita" and "Susana," owned by Al-fon Bahr and ridden by Major Nordheimer, were awarded second and third places in the best polo pony class and the polo pony scurry. The latter event was marred by an unfortunate accident to Lt. Sherman in the final heat, his pony colliding with the fence in trying to turn, and pinning him underneath. Lt. Sherman was quite badly hurt but is on the way to recovery.

The Running of the American Derby

The renewal of the American Derby, which had not been run since 1904, took place at Washington Park, Homewood, Ill., on Saturday, July 31st. This was probably the richest stake ever raced for, as the winner drew down \$89,000, the second horse \$10,000, the third \$6000 and the fourth \$2000. A \$100,000.00 purse offered by a new jockey club, and only 5 starters, two of whom were only there to fill in. Undoubtedly rumours that the money would not be paid over had a lot to do with the withdrawal of many of the entrees, as neither Bubbling Over, Pompey, Crusader or Blondin faced the barrier, but E R Bradley, whose horses have specialized in winning Derbies this year, had "Boot to Boot" fit and ready, with Alfred Johnston in the saddle, and the bay three-year-old from the Idle Hour Farm won by two lengths from "Display," ridden by Maiben. The race was run before a crowd of 40,000 enthusiastic turf followers and the winner was never in doubt after he took the lead.

Middle West Polo Championship.

The semi-finals and final of the Middle West Polo Championship took place on the grounds of the Onwentsia Country Club, Lake Forrest, Ill., the week of July 31. The semi-finalists were Onwentsia, Oakbrook, Dayton and Buffalo. In the first game Dayton won from Oakbrook, after the latter had gained a lead of six goals. On Wednesday, Buffalo, led by the former Toronto Polo Club captain, General H. C. Bickford, upset the dope by trimming the strong Onwentsia Club, 10-9, after a thrilling struggle. The final on Saturday brought Dayton and Buffalo together, but the latter were too strong and won easily, thus going up for the American Championship at Long Island. The Buffalo four played excellent polo, were splendidly mounted, and ably directed

by General Bickford. In Knox, their No. 2, and Taylor, No. 1, they have a spear head that takes a lot of watching, and several sensational goals were scored off the mallet of Taylor from seemingly impossible angles.

The monthly meeting of the Chicago branch of the Old Comrades Association took place on August 4th, in fitting commemoration of the outbreak of war. Among those taking part were Captain Wilfred Fortye, Captain Harold Bray and Major R. Nordheimer. Messages of regret were read from President Coolidge, Secretary Hoover Jack Dempsey, Mackenzie King, and other prominent Americans.

In view of the fact that the every effort to feature any news Hearst papers here are making purporting to portray Canada as dissatisfied with existing connections within the Empire, and seizing on every opportunity to quote Mackenzie King's criticism of the actions of the Governor-General, the following letter published in a Chicago Hearst paper came as a welcome relief to those of us who were silently suffering. If one believed the papers here, the retention of a Governor-General in Canada was a party plank, and instant abolition would follow the return of a Liberal Government.

A Hymn of Hate from Canada

To the Editor of The New York Times:

If the intention of Edwin L. James in writing "Europe Scowls at Rich America" were to increase this ill-feeling, he has produced an article admirably adapted to the purpose. Mr. James understates the situation, however, in naming merely Europe as the only part of the world cherishing a feeling of distaste for the United States. There is in Canada—which I beg to remind Mr. James is after all the larger part, geographically, of the North American continent—a considerable and growing feeling of irritation over the denseness of the citizens of the republic to the south of us as to their real cause of offense.

The United States is a comparatively young nation, but in Canada, which is also young, we feel that is no excuse for the gaucheries and childish braggadocio with which Americans, as a people, offend not only Europe, but the whole civilized world.

Probably in nothing do they more outrage Canadian feeling than in their attitude toward the great war. Where we would expect shamed silence we are con-

fronted with vain boastings. We still feel our grief too deeply to waste our rebuke on a people capable of "glorying in their shame." So wherever possible we simply avoid intercourse with those who seem to have lost all the high ideals of a true democracy.

L. E. MASON.

CORRESPONDENCE

210 Old Orchard Avenue,
Notre Dame de Grace,
Montreal.

Capt. Drury,
R.C.D., St. Johns, Que.

Dear Sir:—I wish to thank you for forwarding my certificate last month, and greatly regret the delay, it having slipped my memory.

Would you mind forwarding copies of "The Goat" for May and June, as you promised, and oblige.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
Frank Hodgkinson.

220 Main St., Ottawa.
August 5th, 1926

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—Please change mailing address as above.

I have been located here three months past on the "C.N.R. Investigation," thanks to Major Timmis, Major Connolly, Dil. Jarvis,

E. Browne-Wilkinson and W. W. Parry for their letters. Also appreciation for the interest and concernment of Col. Walker Bell and General Victor Williams, and Col. Tom Kennedy, M.P.P., for his favour.

Yours truly,
R. N. HIGHAM.

Old Comrades' secretary please note.

An archaeologist was organising an expedition to one of the warmest parts of Asia Minor. He advertised for labourers to do the excavation work.

One applicant was a middle-aged farm worker, and the archaeologist was doubtful if he could stand the heat. He warned him about it, and explained that the temperature often reached 100 in the shade.

"That's all right," he said, "I won't be working in the shade all the time."

A woman advertised for a girl to do light housework.

She received a letter from a girl who said she would like the position. She thought the sea air would do her good, but wanted to know where the lighthouse was situated.

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Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

Guarding nothing proved a dead-ly dull business and some means had to be found for breaking the monotony. The solution was highly successful, but the cooks were always worried over just what happened to the many things which left in the cook-house overnight, were disturbed and often missing in the morning.

Had they been so disposed the sentries could have set their minds at rest.

On Issue Clothing

Say what you like to the contrary, I maintain that persistence pays. Simply turned grey the hair of that Quarter Bloke with my pestering. He was absolutely sick of the sight of me, and fitted me out as a soldier just to be rid of me.

But what a subtle revenge was his—the blighter.

Why are not mirrors placed in all store rooms? Future field-marshal take note.

Was now completely equipped as a soldier, and rather fancied myself.

When an opportunity came for me to see a full length reflection of No. 14569 I almost passed out from sheer fright. Now could the smiles of my friends be accounted for. That Quarter Bloke has a lot to answer for.

To state that the cap was too small is saying nothing out of the ordinary. Have never yet seen a man get a hat that fits direct from the stores. It was only by swopping that that I ever got things to fit at all. Well then, the cap was much too small; too much material had been used in the making of my tunic, either that or they had pasted a wrong label on. Had asked for a 36. The thing I was wearing was 46 if a day. There were bunches of it in the back in the neighbourhood of the waist. All these things had nothing on the breeches. They simply beggar description. Were built on the lines of Grenadier Guardsman's slacks, but closely resembled the bloomers affected by American tourists to come up to give our eyes a treat. To permit me to go at large in such a condition was cruelty to animals, and I hated that quarter bloke with a deadly hate. Figures such as I presented had been seen before upon the burlesque stage, but never, I swear, in real life.

Now ask me why I don't love

quarter blokes. To think I once used to salute this particular one. Ah, me!

Some Shooting

This is going to put me in wrong with you all. You will think me dishonest and untruthful and break thereby this trusting heart of mine. Take it as you like, it is perfectly true and it was only for the good of the rest of the rest of the men in my regiment that I spoiled all chances of getting to heaven. Still, it is rather nice to make a martyr of one's self.

Before relating the extraordinary excellence of my shooting I must say that owing to the fact that the M.O. had run out of No. 9's, and to prevent his growing rusty in the service of his country he was permitted to inoculate us all again. He was more thorough this time and used up twice as much serum. The day after this operation each man was presented with a nice Ross rifle, simply plastered with oil and grease, and told we were off to the ranges.

Not only mine, but all our arms were paining horribly and causing great discomfort. We were so anxious to have a shot that no complaints were heard except from a few of the old sweats. It was a long trek to the ranges and I was quite all in when my turn came to shoot.

I could, but will not dilate here on the ranges at Valcartier. You who read are as familiar with them as myself, so why waste your time?

Sufficient to say they are the best any of us have seen anywhere and that the number of targets almost unbelievable.

Received gladly the dole of ammunition, loaded the magazine, imitated to the best of my ability the position of the men next to me, and was indeed disappointed to find I could not keep the rifle steady. My arm was hurting like the very deuce, and instead of laying on the ground this damp afternoon should have been in bed.

I fired just the same, but was positive of coming nowhere near the target. Must have had a very dear friend marking for me, for after each shot he signalled either a bull or a magpie. Bulls mostly. This was indeed a kindly thought of his for it served to raise me immensely in the regard of those who had control over my destiny for the duration. With a becoming modesty I acknowledged their hearty congratulations. The other men were making such a rotten showing that I thought it unkind and thoughtless to disillusion

them. No harm in letting them think they had at least one good shot in the regiment.

This next one is even better and reflects greater glory on the teller. Jealousy only kept me in the ranks. Such talents as mine should have carried me to the rank of general at the very least. Bear no ill-will, however, so shall get on with the story.

One bright morning the whole regiment set out on a "scheme." Nice intelligent things, are they not? One haversack ration was carried so we expected to be out the whole day. The use of water-bottles was borne forcibly upon me in this engagement. It was too much trouble for the majority of us to fill them. Expected to find the country full of brooks and, perhaps, pubs. Nothing doing. Water nowhere but in the bottles of the wise virgins who refused absolutely to part with one drop of it, the dirty blighters. Still, it taught me a good lesson.

The full details of this operation were given us before commencing. This was somewhat out of the ordinary, but I'll touch schemes at a later date. We were making an attack. The enemy was represented by the ranges. Each man was given a special target to treat as his special enemy. My target was numbered 66.

The battle was on. With a hurried prayer for safe-keeping we commenced the slaughter. But he proved a wily enemy and hours elapsed before we got into touch. We were then ordered to give the filthy beast ten rounds rapid. In a manner novel to behold and quite in keeping with the manual, we would advance a yard or two (crawling on the belly was, I think, the approved method of progression, and full advantage was taken of any blade of grass that could be used as "cover,") and fire a few more shots into the Hated Hun, in my case, target No. 66. This went on for some time and was growing wearisome. Then came the order to fix bayonets. Obeying the whistle, we sprang to our feet and with a mighty cheer charged upon and completely annihilated the enemy.

Before leaving the field of slaughter we had to stand beside our targets so that the officers could see what kind of shots they had under their command. I still wonder how it was that none were killed that day. Live ammunition in the hands of such greenhorns as ourselves was asking for trouble. The devil most surely loves his own, for not one casualty on our side was reported. It was de-

lightful to find target 66 simply plastered with bulls-eyes. My gratification was nothing compared to that of the colonel. I'm sure he wished then he had given me that rifle I asked for some time ago. He simply bubbled over with enthusiasm and for a moment I thought he would give me a drink. He was probably shy before all the other men, so refrained.

I cannot—cannot possibly—let this go on without making a statement that will deprive me of all glory. Owing to the irregular formation of the terrain nice word this as I was saying, owing to the irregular formation of the ground I never once laid my eyes on target No. 66. It is a simple matter of deduction to come to the conclusion that in spite of circumstantial evidence I had nothing to do with the many bulls-eyes upon my target. Another case of not believing all you see. The possible explanation is that many of the other chaps were in a like position. Being unable to see their target, they simply fired in the general direction of the ranges and hoped for the best.

But why spoil the colonel's day? Here was proof positive of the excellence of my shooting. At times it is best to let well enough alone. But the sheer ingratitude. Contrary to my expectations I was not made a sergeant-major on the spot. More jealousy, I suppose.

Schemes

Schemes are so wrapped in mystery that I shall be able to devote but a very short space to the subject. It is a "hush-hush" business and I am not quite sure if it is lawful for me to even mention the things so obviously above my comprehension. Under fear of fearful punishment from those who invented schemes I will carefully watch my step and endeavour to say nothing that may be of any possible value to our enemies.

No sooner did I make the acquaintance of schemes than they became the bane of my existence. My exceeding dullness may be responsible for this sad condition. I tried hard but simply could not understand them. They were miles above me, in fact miles above anyone below the rank of Field Marshal.

One scheme in particular was conducted with such cunning and secrecy that the thing was over before we knew it had begun. We were away from camp for two days. Sleeping out was great fun for those versed in the construction of bivvys. Most of us knew nothing of this necessary art. It

is not to be taken as extraordinary that most of 'em collapsed during the night.

Here was another instance where independent action paid. Did not like the look of my bivvy at all, so when all was quiet, wandered off to a neighbouring farm, made myself comfortable in a pile of hay. This initiative became a vital necessity later on in the game and I'm glad I started early.

But to get on with the scheme. All we did was march about and admire the landscape. Some, I suppose, found it very interesting. It bored me stiff. We did know we were the White Army who were harassing the Blue Army. For two days the battle continued. Not once did we as much as see a solitary unit of the opposing force. The result therefore was all the more startling.

By a brilliant flanking movement we had succeeded in completely wiping out the Blue Army. Marvellous. As Military Medals had not yet been born no decorations were awarded for this engagement. This was hard, for otherwise most of us would have had something to write home about. I can go no further. The subject is above me, so if you'll excuse me I'll go on to something else.

On Nothing In General

So far war was proving itself nothing but a pleasant pastime. We were enthusiastic and happy. It was great to be able to chuck aside all worries and act like so many schoolboys out for a fortnight under canvas. Just the same we know it would not always be like this.

To my way of thinking great wisdom was displayed in making it so easy for us at first. There was really very little to do, and standing orders robbed us of but very little freedom. Discipline was, of course, most necessary. Otherwise the camp would have been in a state of chaos. The restrictions did not seem to interfere much with our liberty, and we were having a topping holiday.

At the back of our minds, however, was the front. Wrong again, my friends, this is not a joke at all. By the front is meant France. That was the real objective.

Good feeling existed between all ranks and the enthusiasm was a positive inspiration. Many went to the length of purchasing textbooks, and, what is more, studied them carefully. Was it not Napoleon who said that every soldier carried a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack? Do not suppose

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any aspired quite so high, but am sure it pleased many to picture themselves leading their men against hordes of Germans and ending up with nothing less than the Victoria Cross. This explains the wide use of text-books on all military matters. Great trees, you know, from little acorns grow, so well, who knows?

We still were very green but were anxious to make ourselves fit as quickly as possible. Co-operation between officers and men was producing good results. I no longer made the slightest attempt to salute the Q.M. After the way he had treated me, simply could not. Was getting used to the R.S.M., who proved nothing like as formidable as his appearance suggested. The open-air life was doing wonders with all of us, especially those from the cities. Food was plentiful. Amusements many and varied. Speaking of amusements, how many remember the night the picture theatre was burned down? Rough justice it was, but the punishment fitted the crime. Most of the civilian traders were unmercifully "soaking" us. This was resented, naturally. One particular gentleman ran a cinema show in a huge marquee. The large population of tent-town made a daily

change of programme necessary, and this he undertook to do. One evening he failed to produce the "complete change of programme" as advertised, with the result that he lost the whole concern. It burned down rapidly, and it was a bit of a scramble getting out. The camp was in an uproar. Bugles were sounding the fire call, but it meant absolutely nothing to us. The only calls we knew were "Reveille," "Cook-house," "Lights out," and the "Letter from lousy Lousy" one. This fire had a good effect upon the other traders. They discovered it was possible to still make good profit by reducing appreciably the selling cost.

Blank Ammunition

This is indeed worthy of a special heading. Previous to joining up I had heard of blank ammunition. Never seen it or used it. As a result I made an enemy of my sergeant for life. It was quite unintentional on my part, but he had his own opinion on the matter and never had any love for me after the incident.

It happened this way. To add realism to the thing, "blanks" were used in a sham battle. To be able to fire point blank at a man

even though he was my best friend was really a grand sensation. Living targets were irresistible and it is a blessing they were indeed "blanks."

As the battle advanced the excitement grew and I was firing of my rifle with an abandon that might have ended disastrously. Because they were blanks I wasn't the least bit particular where I fired. Enjoyed myself immensely. Not so my sergeant. Grabbing my rifle away from me, he threatened arrest. What a curious army. Here I had been doing absolute wonders, simply slaughtering hundreds, and I am threatened with arrest. He was in a nasty mood. Very. Matter of fact he was rather a nasty man altogether.

"Wot d'yer mean -- wot d'yer think yer doin? Trying to blow me bloody 'ed orf?"

"Blow yer bloody 'ed orf?" I repeated in amazement. "What do you mean; what on earth are you talking about?"

"You know bloody well wot I'm torking abaht." (Although long resident in Canada he had not succeeded in losing his cockney accent. This explains the recurrence of "bloody." Bernard Shaw once said that if this word was removed from the Englishman's vocabulary he would be obliged to revert to the sign language. Forgive the interruption, please.) "Look at me. Look at me bloomin ear call yerself a sojer? why, I call yer a bloody murderer, and fer two pins I'd knock yer blinkin block orf."

"But, sergeant." I protested "you've got me all wrong. I—er—"

"That's all right me lad." (Me lad, indeed, when I was old enough to be his father) "Yer bloody well know what yer were a-doin off look at me I say look at e blinkin ear why, I'll don't know what I'll do abaht it. Wot 'ave yer got against me anyways?"

Absolutely nothing at all. The whole business took me by complete surprise. If in my excitement I had grown careless was I to blame for his ear being scorched? Should not they have instructed us more in the action of blank ammunition?

It took a lot of persuasion to make him see it was accidental and although the battle was still in progress our absence was not keenly felt. He eventually accepted my apologies, but throughout the rest of the battle I received all his attention. I am firmly convinced

My War Diary.

(Continued)

(Being the daily jottings from the diary of an officer of the regiment from 1914 to 1919.)

Wednesday, May 24th
(Millencourt)

Hand still bad and very painful. M.O. came with Medhurst and dressed it. Bowie dropped in during the morning, and the C.O. paid me a short visit during the afternoon.

Thursday, May 25th

Hand a little better. After M.O.'s visit got up and walked in the garden for a little while. Had lunch and went back to bed. Hall came in the afternoon. French lost Douamont Fort again.

Friday, May 26th

Hand much better. Went for walk through the village, and had dinner in the mess.

Saturday, May 27th

Lovely warm day. Went down to the mess in the evening and attended a "pow-wow" on brigade scheme they did in the morning.

Sunday, May 28th

Up early and drove to Abbeyville in the mess-cart. Bought some canteen stuff for the men. "Chris," whom I had lent to Moss was hurt by a limber and is quite lame.

Monday, May 29th

M.O. came at 9.30 a.m. There was a brigade scheme with Gen. Gough as director of operations. After lunch had "Chris" examined by vet. and found I would have to send him to hospital with sprained fetlock. Left Millencourt with Moss in car at 3.50 p.m. and arrived at Auchy at 5.00 p.m. Had dinner at Blangy. Crerar and 100 men here at Auchy as reinforcements. Jarvis is back at Havre with sprained ankle.

Tuesday, May 30th (Auchy)

Saw Berteau and Crerar in the morning. Squadron came in a

that to this day he believes I really intended finishing, prematurely his military career.

(To be Continued)

1.30 p.m. Had lunch at B.H.Q. mess. Had long talk with Timmis re squadron work. Hear Gen. Alderson has left Corps and that Gen. Byng has taken over.

Wednesday, May 31st

Exercise ride at 9 a.m. Rode for the first time in two weeks. After lunch gave lecture to scouts and attended a "pow-wow" of officers and N.C.O.'s at 3.00 p.m. Meeting of regimental baseball committee at 5.30 p.m., and was elected manager. Newcomen came to dinner. Had meeting of canteen committee at 8.00 p.m. The total profits since February 15th were one thousand francs.

Thursday, June 1st

Squadron parade in drill field. Saw colonel re advance for regimental baseball team. Got things ready for boxing match on Friday and Saturday. Arranged an indoor ball game between our officers and the officers of the R.C.H.A. for Sunday next.

Friday, June 2nd

Squadron parade at 8.30 a.m. Did patrol work by troops. Back at 11.30 a.m. Saw Wilkes re getting kit for ball team and the field. Took pioneer class at 2.30 p.m. We started the preliminaries of the squadron boxing. There were some very good bouts. I refereed.

Saturday, June 3rd

Am orderly officer today. Took exercise ride at 6.30 a.m. Had stables all morning. After lunch we had the semi-finals in the boxing tournament. Our regimental football team beat the Fort Garry's in the semi-final of the Brigade League. Big nival battle in the North Sea. We lost four battle cruisers and fourteen destroyers, and the Germans lost two battle cruisers, two dreadnoughts, two light cruisers, and a lot of destroyers. After dinner went to Bde. H.Q.

Sunday, June 4th

Church parade at 9.45 a.m. Timmis went to Albert to see his brother. Had an inspection and photo of our pack horses at 1.45 p.m. Officers' team went to Blangy and beat the R.S.H.A. officers at indoor ball, 20—19. I pitched. Back at 6.00 p.m.

Monday, June 5th

Squadron parade at 8.30 a.m.

and did some troop schemes. Meeting of sports committee at 2.00 p.m. to decide about brigade sports. I represented the R.C.D. Finals of the boxing at 3.00 p.m. Lees, Donohoe and Bishop were the winners. Left on train at 6.45 p.m. for Paris to buy ball kit for the men. Got to Etaples at 9.10 p.m. and had dinner with Caldwell, who was going on leave.

Tuesday, June 6th (Paris)

Arrived at 8.30 a.m. and went to Meurice Hotel. Bought stuff and had to wait till some came in the following day. Met three Russians who were with the Russian Division in France. Very fine chaps and all the men over six feet. Went to theatre in the evening. Heard rumour that Lord Kitchener had been drowned.

Wednesday, June 7th

The news re Kitchener is true, worse luck. He was aboard the Hampshire, which was torpedoed off the Orkney Islands; there were no survivors. Went to Spaldins and got rest of stuff. Had lunch at Hotel Meurice. Went to see the French "Madame Thusauds" and saw some fine war scenes. Left to catch the 11.40 train for Etaples.

Thursday, June 8th (Auchy)

Arrived Etaples at 8.30 a.m. Left at 9.20 and arrived Auchy at 10.30 a.m. Had a sports meeting and some squadron jumping. Went to Blangy with squadron indoor ball team and played the R.C.H.A. Ammunition Park. Lost by 16—10. Back at 6.00 p.m. and took over orderly officer. Was awakened at 11.00 p.m. by S.S.M. and told that Butler had shot and killed Meekleboro. Butler not drunk and under arrest. Fired 5 shots with rifle. No cause.

Friday, June 9th

Had the squadron elimination heats to pick teams for the regiment. We have some good men. Summary of evidence on Butler at 9.45 a.m. We had regimental sports at 2.30 p.m. "Sheila" jumped well and may be on officers' team. Russians capture Lusk and 51,000 prisoners.

Young man (who has just rescued fair maiden) "What would you have done if I had not been near?"

Maiden (shyly): "Swum home."



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ed on the seed packet.

Writing Home.

(Continued)

Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, P.Q.
August 17th, 1926

Dear Dad:—Here I am again
writing you, though it sure does
seem a long time since I writ last.
Well, Dad, I got H—l over the last
letter I writ you about the mili-
tary manuevers. It seems as how
some silly gink went and read the
letter before I sent it and takes a
copy for "The Goat," which is the
name of our regimental paper. I
arsks a guy here why they call it
"The Goat" and he says cause its
a paper "all but." Hah, Hah.

Well, it seems as how the manu-
vers is secret and when the whole
story come out in "The Goat" the
guys what run the show wanted to
know who puts it in print and of
course I had to fess up and gets
all the blame. The tall skinny ma-
jor tells "Almighty Voice" to have
the guy what writ the article
brought up so he comes to me and
asks am I the man. Well, as soon
as I says "yes," he tells me I am
in open arrest. I arks my room
corporal what open arrest is, and
he says there is two kinds of arrest,
open and closed. When you are
in open arrest you "mustn't" go
down town or leave barracks or go
to the canteen, and when you are
in close arrest you "can't."

Well, I goes over to stables nat-
ural like and just as I was getting
ready to feed my nag the sergeant
hollars for me and I go out and he
tells me Captain Hammond wants
to see me. Well, he marches me
up to "Lithsome Lawrie" and
reads off a slip of paper that I was
charged with "Conduct to the pre-
judice of good order and military
discipline." The Cap. arks me
what I have to say and I tells him
I don't know what its all about.
"My word," he says, "do I have
to listen to all these witnesses?
Why don't you admit the crime?
Sergeant, what did he do?" Well,
Dad, the sarge says as how I writ
the stuff about the manuever and
published it in "The Goat." "A
jolly good letter too, old dear,"
says Hammy, "but I will have to
remand you for the C.O." Well,
I gets kind of cold all over at hear-
ing this, but my room-mate says as
how it isn't so bad if you keeps
saying as how you didn't mean to
be wrong and wont do it again.
Soon the sergeant comes along and
tells me to go over and clean up
and be ready for office at 12.30, so
over I goes and gets my new breeks
and serge on and greases my hair
nice, shines my boots and turns up

"all fit to be tied" at the office
Gee, Dad, I was scared. There
was two guys with swords drawn
and I has to stand in between 'em.
Neither of the guys could talk to
me but they looked kind of sorry-
like, so when the sarge went away
I arks one of them what would
happen to me. "Plenty," he says,
"but if you give me a buck I can
get you out of it." Well, Dad, that
looked good to me, and as I had
always heard that this guy, who
was a corporal called "Heavy,"
was on the square, I said "O.K."
and slipped him the dollar. "All
you have to do is to tell your story
and follow me," he says, "I'll get
you out." Well, "Almighty Voice"
comes out in the corridor and
shouts, "Escort and Prriiishhhh-
ooonnerrr Shuunnnn. Left turnn"
and in we goes. The adjutant was
there and "Lithsome Lawrie," but
the tall skinny Major wasn't there,
and in his place was the guy they
call "The Dook." Well, Drury,
the adjutant, reads off the paper
as how No. 145678 Pte. Jones,
James, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., at
St. Johns, P.Q., on July 17, 1926,
had committed an act to the pre-
judice of good order and military
discipline, "writing and publish-
ing information liable to be of use
to or used by a foreign power."

Well, "The Dook" arks the wit-
nesses what they have to say and
the guy what read my letter tells
him as how he saw me writing it
and thought he would publish it in
"The Goat." Then the editor,
who is the adjutant as well, says
as how he was away and didn't see
the article till it was in print, and
finally the sergeant what stutters
says as how he was all alone when
the article arrived and he just sent
it in without reading it over, a-
he had done with all the other
articles in the paper. Well, "The
Dook" arks me what I have to
say and the guy "Heavy" nudges
me, so I says I didn't mean no
harm and I writ the letter for you
Dad, and not for no "Goat," and
that I didn't mean no harm by it.
"The Dook" looks at me a long
time and finally looks at a book
to see what I had done before but
the page was blank. He then says
to Hammy, "What sort of a chap-
pie is this?" and Hammy says as
how I was O.K. with him and one
of his best boys. "Well," says
"The Dook," "let this be a warn-
ing to you, my lad, nevah, nevah,
write articles for 'The Goat.' I
have been heah for yeahrs and
yeahrs and nevah wrote so I con-
cidah it dooced impertinent for a
meah recruit to do so. Admon-
ished."

Well, we marches out and "Al-
mighty Voice" says "Dismiss."
So I arks "Heavy" for my buck

as he don't have to do nothing to
get me off. "Nothing doing," he
says, "you did what I told you
to." "How come?" I says. "You
followed me in and followed me
out," he says, "and I got you out
just as I got you in. Hah, hah."
Can you beat that, Dad?

Your loving son,

JIM

REAL HOWLERS

An amusing article on "Howl-
ers" in examination papers in
schools in Harrogate and Leeds is
contributed to "The Gryphon,"
the journal of the University of
Leeds. Here are a few:—

A scholar, translating an ex-
tract about the late war, submitted
this little gem:—"The soldiers
were eating soup in the farmyard.
No other sound was heard."

An explanation of "strychnine"
—given by a girl who always ap-
peared to think there was some
catch in every lesson—was, "A
shortened form of a stitch in time
saves nine."

In a scripture paper, a junior
wrote that "A man was cured who
was sick of the parsley."

A girl of eleven said that an
"elegy" was a figure of a person
that you burnt when they had done
something wrong; and others were
quite sure that a "phantom" was
some kind of a hen, a "wrangler"
was something you put clothes
through, and "Methuselah" was a
Gorgon; whilst the monster in the
"Tempest" was described as "half
man and half gorgonzola."

One wee mite gave the plural of
ox as Oxo, and the plural of scis-
sors as curling-tongs, whilst an op-
timist was "a fish in the sea with
a lots of legs on."

"Affidavit" was said to be a
thing to swing boats on to ships,
"epicure" was something you have
done to the nails, "philatelist"
was explained as an insect, and
"tripod" as water-proof leather.

"It isn't always wise to laugh
openly at howlers," writes the au-
thor, "especially in the case of a
girl who has been trying to reason
th thing out and has arrived at
some kind of conclusion by a ra-
ther tortuous route. One some-
what backward girl, confronted
with the question, 'Express in one
word a cure for everything,'
wrote 'dying.' She explained af-
terwards, 'I racked my brains and
co'ldn' tthink of anything but
that, and I thought dying would
cure everything, as you wouldn't
need to worry any more.'"

The Autobiography of a Silver Dollar.

(Being an account of the trials and tribulations of a dollar that fell into the clutches of a Parsimonious Individual — a one-time member of the L.S.H.)

I feel I owe it to the multitude of my friends to relate this brief tale of my life. It is just possible that it is the last I shall ever write, which you will not find surprising when you learn into whose grasping possession I have fallen. It is not an amusing tale, rather tragic if anything, to a dollar to whom life means revelry and all it implies.

The life of a dollar is usually an enviable one. One day in the whirl-pool of the exchange and the next probably in the calm placidity of the country home. The "freedom of the seas" is as nothing compared with the freedom of the dollar. Britannia may rule the waves but the dollar rules the world.

Freedom, then, being my birth-right, it is with a deep sense of shame that I disclose my present plight. I can only compare my condition with that of those members of the old nobility (vide the sensational weekly press) who eke out a precarious existence in the slave-marts of the various American cities. It is not that these members of a bygone aristocracy are any worse off than many of meaner birth, but their mental sufferings are more intense, for there is no hardship in being deprived of that which one never knew.

It might be well to state something about the history and rise to prominence of the Dollar family. Among the currency families of the world we occupy an enviable position. We are much sought after and our name is of supreme social value. Those once proud names, Mark and Franc, are no longer of much importance though they still cling to their empty honours and look forward to a restoration of their former prestige; yet they are not too proud to do homage and accept assistance from the Dollars. We are in no way connected with the Dollar family of Mexico, though we recognize them in a business way when the exchange is to our advantage. They are a too flighty and quarrelsome people to be very intimate with. We are, however, bound by strong ties to that sturdy old stock, the Pounds, whose prestige, even after the late upheaval, still remains unimpaired. There is, without doubt, keen rivalry between us, but it is of a friendly nature.

Having given this brief outline of my family's claims to distinction I shall now proceed with my individual tale of woe. It was in the fall of the hectic year 1914 that I made my entry into the world. In those days I passed so rapidly from hand to hand that my impression of my various owners is very vague and fleeting. Only once do I remember remaining in the possession of one for more than a few days. He was that exception to the law of averages, a poor Jew, and had taken quite a fancy to me, probably influenced by my distinguished appearance, for in those days I was passing fair. He always fondled me lovingly when passing me from one pocket to another. However, this life soon palled, and during my daily removal from pocket to pocket I often thought of the story about the stork and the eel. While in this frame of mind you may imagine with what longing I, on a never-to-be-forgotten day, viewed the entry into my owner's store of a be-spectacled individual. Here is a man, I thought, who has a nice kind face. This man produced a bundle of rags and delapidated clothing which he desired to sell. I might have been warned of my terrible fate by the amount of haggling that ensued, but no, with the impetuosity of youth I was too eager to rush blindly into my fate. After a great deal of bargaining the Jew handed me over with extreme reluctance but with a certain amount of admiration at meeting a foeman worthy of his steel. My thoughts when I found myself packed away carefully into a moth-eaten wallet underwent a slight change. Surely, I thought, my impression was not at fault, but later on I found how deceptive appearances can be. Never, gentle reader, judge a man by the side he shows to the world. Here was a man of distinguished appearance, a high massive head was thatched by a few tattered wisps of hair of nondescript hue, brushed carelessly a la Napoleon, his glasses could hardly dim the eagle-like stab of his glance, his nose, my friends, was a thing of beauty, and stood out in bold relief over a moustache, whose colour and texture matched the crowning glory already referred to. This nether lip adornment resembled those that sometimes allow us a fleeting taste of departed pleasures. But in my new owner's case I soon found that it was worn to save wear and tear of his razor, as he believed that money spent in liquid was a wanton waste while there was so much water around. His appearance, all in all, was that of the visionary and dreamer, and after the mad whirl I had been

through in the first few weeks of my existence, I felt that I would have time to catch my breath. As events transpired I found I was quite right. I also caught stagnation of the soul.

My story is now finished, for what more is there to tell? For years I have lain buried, with thousands of my kind stacked alongside me, in the cold interior of a safety deposit vault, and here I shall probably remain until doomsday, if I have correctly judged this "wolf in sheep's clothing." Still, "hope springs eternal—" and the day may come when he will be forced to disgorge, then, his heirs receiving their patrimony, I shall live again, and the present will seem as a bad dream.

People We Take Our Hats Off To

The officers of "B" Company, R.C.R., for turning out in such large numbers on the ranges on July 27th.

Sadie: "Perhaps you won't believe me, but a strange man tried to kiss me once."

Maidie: "Really! Well, he would have been a strange man if he had tried to kiss you twice."

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"Oh, please, ma'am," gasped the nursemaid, "I've lost little Nora!"

"Gracious, girl, why didn't you speak to a policeman?"

"I was speaking to one at the time, ma'am."

Judge Cluer at Shoreditch: "No wise doctor prophesies except that you will die, and if you do not die then he says you have had the wrong treatment."

"Isn't this one of the oldest golf courses in this country?"

"What makes you think so?"

"I just heard a man say that he went around in '79."

Asked to write an essay on Quakers, a little girl wrote:

"Qakers are very meek people who never fight and never answer back. My father is a Quaker but my mother is not."

"Auntie, are there really people in the moon?"

"Yes, dear, I believe so."

"Well, mustn't it be crowded now it's only half moon?"

Bill: "What are you doing, daddy, kissing our maid?"

Father: "Bring my glasses, son, I thought it was your mother."

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Sports

FOOTBALL

The first half of the St. Johns City Football League programme has ended, and we are one point ahead of our nearest rival, the Singer team. As the season progresses the competition becomes keener. There is practically nothing to choose between Singer, the Windsor Hotel and ourselves. Any of these teams, with the help of the "breaks" of the game, may defeat the others. The Hart Battery has come on well and is not far behind the leading teams. We look forward to an exciting second half. The players have settled down to the game, and though at times some of the games are rather vigorous they are never played in an unsportsmanlike manner. The main trouble seems to be the want of referees who are absolutely impartial, but in a small town, where everyone is identified with one or other of the leading concerns, that is usually the case.

During the past few weeks our forward line has had to be re-organized. We have lost the services of Tpr. Gordon and Tpr. English, both of whom were an asset to the team. However, we have found one or two of the younger members of the squadron who show signs of promise, and we hope to maintain our lead until the end of the season.

R.C.D. vs. Hart Battery

The above teams clashed on the barracks ground on Tuesday, July 27th. The soldiers were always the better and their three goals were the result of well-concerted effort. Tpr. Rowe, who was back on the team after a long absence, was the outstanding forward. He scored two of the goals. Sgt. Harris, who had been moved to the half back line, was good value for the change and will probably remain in this position. Sgt. Campbell and Tpr. Gilmore, who had made the trip from Point-aux-Trembles for the game, easily upset the visiting forwards. Rowe scored two goals in the first half and Harris headed Dooley's centre into the net early in the second half. The Dragoons kept up a hot attack in the second period, but their forwards passed up many chances. Result: R.C.D., 3, Hart Battery 0.

R.C.D. — Sgt. Langley; Sgt. Campbell, Tpr. Gilmore; Sgt. Harris, Tpr. Dawkes, Capt. Hammond, Tpr. Dooley, Tpr. English, Sgt. Sheehy, Tpr. Rowe, Tpr. Allingham.

Windsor Hotel vs. R.C.D.

This game, which had been postponed twice, was played on Tuesday, August 3rd, and was one of the best games seen in St. Johns this year. Windsor secured the lead early in the first half when Stansfield headed the ball past Langley. The hotel men continued to press, helped by a strong breeze, and were two up when Ellis scored one of the prettiest goals of the season. The Drags then launched a strong attack, and after some pressure Dooley reduced the lead with a fine drive from the wing. After the teams changed ends the wind died down. Windsor had the best of the play at the commencement, and after a brief period Ellis got through and put the ball past Langley. Then the fortunes of the game changed and the Drags kept up a steady attack on the opposing citadel. Dooley got through and scored a nice goal. The Drags continued the pressure and from a scrimmage in front of the Windsor goal Dooley hooked the equalizer into the net. The visitors seemed to have shot their bolt in the last few minutes of the game. On many occasions the home forwards just missed through over-eagerness. Result: Windsor 3, R.C.D. 3.

The game was played at a very fast pace, and although slightly vigorous it was never rough. The penalties were few and far between.

R.C.D. — Sgt. Langley; Tpr. Campbell, Tpr. Gilmore; Sgt. Harris, Tpr. Dawkes, Captain Hammond; Tpr. Dooley, Tpr. Guy; Sgt. Sheehy, Tpr. Rowe, and Tpr. Cornwall.

Windsor Hotel vs. R.C.D.

The Windsor Hotel team evened things up when they defeated the Dragoons, 4—0, on the barracks ground on Tuesday, August 10th. The Drags fielded a weak team, Capt. Hammond and Tpr. Gilmore having the day off. The visitors were much the better team and it was solely due to the splendid defensive play of Campbell and Dawkes that the score was not much greater.

The Dragoons re-arranged their line-up, Dawkes going to right back, Sheehy to centre half, while two new-comers were introduced into the forward line. The visitors scored twice in each half. The home defence put up a good game under strong pressure, with little or no assistance from the forwards.

R.C.D. — Sgt. Langley, Tpr. Dawkes, Sgt. Campbell; Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Sheehy, Tpr. Wheeler; Tpr. Dooley, Tpr. McDonald, Tpr. Rowe, Tpr. Allingham and Tpr. Cornwall.

AQUATIC SPORTS

The annual aquatic sports were held on Wednesday, August 18th, at St. Johns. The weather was not all that could be desired from the competitors point of view. Nevertheless, each event brought forth a goodly entry list. Most of the events were very closely contested. In the 50 yards race Woolcock just beat Mauchan, and Harris was just a matter of inches behind the latter. In the 100 yards race Harris reversed the earlier decision, he beating Mauchan by inches, with Woolcock a close third. The boys' race brought out some very smart juveniles. In this event Master William Snape just beat Master Victor Jewkes. Mrs. D. B. Bowie was the first lady home in the Officers' Mess Invitation Race, and Captain Hammond, coming in just ahead of Captain Drury, got the first gentleman's place. Mauchan put up a very good exhibition in winning the diving competition, Martin being second in this event. First Troop won the troop relay race very easily from Third Troop. The finish of the long distance race was quite close, Martin just beating Sheehy. The latter could not see Martin, he being on his 'blind' side, and Martin spurred home in the last few yards. The results are appended.

50 Yards Race—1st, Tpr. Woolcock; 2nd, Tpr. Mauchan; 3rd, Sgt. Harris.

Pillow Fight—1st, Tpr. Story; 2nd, Tpr. Dresser.

Boys' Race—1st, Master William Snape; 2nd, Master Victor Jewkes

Officers' Invitation Race — 1st lady, Mrs. D. B. Bowie; 1st gentleman, Capt. Hammond.

100 Yards—1st, Sgt. Harris; 2nd Tpr. Mauchan; 3rd, Tpr. Woolcock.

Diving — 1st, Tpr. Mauchan; 2nd, Tpr. Martin.

Greasy Pole—1st, Tpr. Mauchan, 2nd, Tpr. Martin.

Life Saving—1st, Tpr. Brennan and Master Percy Snape; 2nd, Tpr. Mauchan and Master Victor Jewkes.

Boys and Girls Race (Yacht Club)—1st, Master Berger; 2nd, Miss Dora Churchward.

Troop Relay—1st, First Troop; 2nd, Third Troop.

At the conclusion of the programme the prizes were presented by Mrs. D. B. Bowie.

The committee are to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which the whole affair was handled. The prizes were a slight departure from the usual, but one heard nothing but pleased com-

Cricket.

A cricket match was played at C.O.'s of the R.C.D., and the officers and senior N.C.O.'s of the R. Niagara Camp on July 21st, 1926, between the officers and senior N.C.R.

R. C. R.

Lieut. Wright, 48th Regt., bowled Churchward	1
Lieut. Seagram, 48th Regt., bowled Ackerman	3
Lieut. Cox, C.C.S., caught and bowled Churchward	11
Sgt. Bullock, R.C.R., stumped Karcher, bowled Hogan	1
S.Q.M.S. Rowbotham, R.C.R., stumped Karcher, bowled Hogan	0
Sgt. Bell, R.C.A.S.C., caught Oliver, bowled Churchward	14
Sgt. Brown, R.C.R., bowled Churchward	0
Sgt. Bert, R.C.R., not out	5
Sgt. Herring, R.C.R. stumped Karcher, bowled Timmis	0
Sgt. Stanton, R.C.E., bowled Hogan	12
S.M. Marshall, R.C.R., caught Chadwick, bowled Churchward	0
Extras	Nil
Total	47

Runs at fall of each wicket:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10.
0	7	23	32	37	40	41	41	46	47

R.C.D.

Colonel Bell, caught and bowled Seagram	1
Major Timmis, run out	9
Lieut. Chadwick, not out	3
R.S.M. Churchward, bowled Bell	7
Q.M.S.F. Hogan, bowled Seagram	0
Q.M.S.I. Karcher, bowled Cox	16
S/Sgt. Oliver, bowled Bell	21
Sgt. Matthews, bowled Seagram	1
Sgt. Sturgess, caught Wright, bowled Cox	4
Q.M.S. Ackerman, run out	5
Major Stethem, bowled Cox	0
Byes	7
Total	74

Runs at fall of each wicket:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
0	1	1	4	20	38	40	65	71	74

Umpires—Lieut. Blake, M.C., R.C.E., and Pte. Graham, R.C.R.
Scorer—Q.M.S.F. Madden, R.C.D.

The match was played on the new polo ground and although the weather warm very warm, was enjoyed by all taking part. Owing to the R.C.R. being short of players through a number being away on duty, they had to call in other

units to complete their team.

The toss being won by the R.C.R., they chose to bat first. Lieut. Cox, Sgt. Bell and Sgt. Stanton displayed good batting, these three layers scoring 37 out of a total of 47. Lieut. Seagram was above our average form for bowling, he delivering a very tricky ball.

The Colonel and the Adjutant opened the scoring for the cavalry, and although the scoring was very slow, six overs were batted before the first wicket fell. Q.M.S.I. Karcher and S/Sgt. Oliver wielded the willow brilliantly for the R.C.D., they scoring 37 between them. R.S.M. Churchward bowled well for the R.C.D., being responsible for four wickets.

Cricket Comments by "Limejuicer"

The R.C.D. team had a great advantage in having no less than two

farriers on their team, who before the game distributed a number of horseshoes to the other players. Karcher must have thought he was playing "life pool," as he had no less than three lives. Hogan, "B" Squadron's senior equine chiropractist, did not show his usual form at bowling, being erratic and nervous. When asked for an explanation of his poor bowling, he explained that the fact of the Adjutant being on his right fielding, and the C.O. on his left, and he being in the centre of such an escort, it reminded him of his various trips to the orderly room, hence his erratic bowling. However, he received one consolation, in that our natural-born Canadian sergeant, (Sgt. Buell) said that Paddy Hogan was a good bowler, he hitting the bat with every ball delivered, whilst Jerry Churchward was constantly missing the bat and knocking the stumps down. Sgt. Buell has since been corrected in this theory by our celebrated reserved critic in the person of John-de-Copeland.

The players admired our C.O. (Col. Bell) for turning out and giving his moral support in spite of the fact of his performing several therpischorean stunts at catching. However, this was explained that the C.O. had an injured ankle. Karcher was very snappy behind the wicket, he having stumped three opponents, which is above the average number in any cricket game. S.Q.M.S. Rowbottom, R.C.R., Sergeants Bullock and Herring claimed that Q.M.S.I. Karcher's snapping of the ball behind the wicket was so rapid that it left them in a comitose state after their stroke. It is particularly noted that Sgt. Bullock has been in a despondent state ever since.

The O.C. "B" Squadron, with his usual left-hand bowling and batting, threw our opponents out of gear, which left-handers usually do at cricket games. Sgt. Mathews

was caught napping at point and missed two good catches. It was observed that he did not display his usual alertness, standing there with his mouth wide open. An observer stated that there was no chewing gum in camp.

H.Q. orderly room clerk (Friday Ackerman) takes his cricket in a very dignified manner. He walks with a dignified carriage to his popping crease, takes a dignified centre, and returns with a dignified run-out. If Friday would display more energy and less dignity he would not have been run out. Whose cap, and what size, did he wear?

Congratulations to S/Sgt. Oliver on his making top score. Being a native-born Canadian and not one of our much-vaunted "lime-juicing cricketers," this was an expected feat. S/Sgt. Oliver states that cricket is safer as a sport than automobile riding.

S.S.M.I. Freddy Cox says that cricket is so slow that he can play it in spite of his broken leg. We expect a comment like this from a gum-chewing sergeant-major with American sympathy, ideals and morals.

Our elongated R.S.M. bowled a wicked ball. Being of a decided refined temperament, he sends down a ball which enroute becomes quite agitated, much to the annoyance of our opponents.

It was very gratifying to see the good turn-out of the R.C.R. officers, who were in very good form and played well. The following officers of the R.C.R. took up their respective positions on the field. "Mr. Blank."

"That man there is wanted in Chicago."

"What for?"

"He is a crook."

"Why do they want any more crooks in Chicago?"

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The Empire's Greatest War Memorial

Honouring the "Missing" at
Menin Gate, Ypres.

(From the Belfast News-Letter)

Whilst it is painful to reflect that 423,000 of the 1,019,882 men of the Empire who fell in the Great War have no known graves, and come under the official category of "the missing," it is a consolation to know that their names are to be honoured permanently in stone in the same areas where they made the supreme sacrifice for King and Country.

The exact form that a fitting tribute to their immortal heroism should take caused the Imperial War Graves Commission much anxiety and deliberation. Originally it was suggested that individual headstones bearing their names be set up in certain British cemeteries adjacent to where they fell, but that plan was rejected on the ground that, as time went on, a false impression might be created that they lay buried beneath the stones. Consequently, it was decided to erect collective memorials, dignified and worthy of a mighty Empire's gratitude, in the various war zones where they met their death.

An Impressive Monument

I have just returned from an inspection of the most impressive, as it is also the most important, of these monuments. I refer to that, now approaching completion, at the immortal Menin Gate, Ypres which, it is anticipated, will be unveiled amid solemn ceremonial by the King. This wonderful structure, from the design of Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., stands at the city boundary on the main road to Menin, along which there passed, never to return, the heroes who will be commemorated there. It takes the form of an arch or gateway, the outstanding feature being a main hall about 70 feet span by 50 feet in height and 130 feet in length from end to end. The materials used are Euville Marbier stone—a cross between Bath and Portland stone in colour—with a sparing use of small red Belgian bricks; whilst reinforced concrete has been employed in the foundations and the vault.

Looking at the Arch from outside the old ramparts—part of Vauban's seventeenth century for-

tifications, which successfully defied the German shell-fire in the late war—the main building rises in three great steps and is surmounted by the figure of a recumbent lion. Beneath the lion, and just above the soffit of the arch is the inscription:—"To the Armies of the British Empire who stood here from 1914-1918, and to those of their dead who have no known grave." In the same position at the other end of the arch is the inscription:—"Ad majorem Dei gloriam. Here are recorded names of officers and men who fell in Ypres Salient, but to whom the fortune of War deny the known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death."

A Total Weight of 20,000 Tons

Mr. R. Potter, B.Sc., the Clerk of Works, kindly gave me some interesting figures connected with the erection of the memorial.

The structure is built upon 496 concrete piles, each weight five tons, supplemented by 60 pitch-pine piles, each 30 feet in length. The weight of the concrete used in the piles, causeway, walls, arch, raft, and the superstructure leading to the loggia level totals 12,500 tons; and to this must be added 510 tons of steel. There are 77,660 cubic feet of stonework and 40,500 cubic feet of brickwork, the latter figure including 13,500 feet in the rampart walls. The whole building, when completed, will reach the enormous weight of 20,000 tons.

In Memory of 58,600 "Missing"

The names of soldiers from the United Kingdom who fell in the Ypres Salient prior to August 16, 1917, and those of Dominion soldiers who fell in Belgium during the war (excluding New Zealand personnel, who are to be commemorated at Tyne Cot, Passchendaele) and for whom no known graves exist, are to be inscribed on the Menin Gate Memorial in units and in alphabetical order. Approximately 58,600 names have been allotted for inscription. 43,900 of which represent the United Kingdom personnel, the remainder being 7,300 Canadians, 3,400 Australians, 600 South Africans and 400 Indians. Naturally a very large wall space has had to be provided for these thousands, and the names are being cut in 1,166 Portland stone panels, 292 of which will be fixed in the great hall, 460 on the staircases and 414 in the loggia. They are being set up simultaneously with the main construction, and already about 350 are in position. The carving and preparation

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of the panels is being executed in this country.

Irish Heroes

On the completed panels I noticed the names of two soldiers who had won the coveted Victoria Cross—Brigadier-General C. Fitz-Clarence, V.C., who formerly commanded the Irish Guards, and Pte. E. Warner, V.C., of the Bedfordshire Regiment—as well as the following fallen officers of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the Royal Irish Regiment.

Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers

Capt. W. Cuppley.
Lieut. C. A. Le Peton.
Lieut. T. H. Shaw.
2nd Lieut. A. Bogle.
C.-S.-M. W. E. Kennedy.

Royal Irish Regiment

Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Forbes.
Lieut.-Col. R. G. S. Moriarty.
Major J. H. Christie.
Major C. Taylor.
Lieut. W. M. Rennison.
2nd Lieut. R. A. Dickson.
2nd Lieut. C. R. Fausset.
2nd Lieut. D. R. Ford.
2nd Lieut. P. S. Fotherell.
C.-S.-M. M. Larkin, M.M.

H.B.

Sylvia: "Why didn't Jack elope with Miss When yesterday?"

Sybil: "Her father had a cold and couldn't drive them to the station."

Mrs. Pratt: "The bride is pale, don't you think?"

Mrs. Knowsey: "Yes; and I happen to know that the bridegroom is not very flush, either."

"And what do you want, my little man," asked the proprietor, "sweets or biscuits?"

"I want 'em both," answered the boy, plaintively, "but mother sent me for some soap."

Spring Poet: "Dash it! I can't find that new sonnet of mine anywhere. Eustache must have thrown it into the fire."

His Wife: "Don't be absurd. The child cannot read."

Teacher: "Thomas, why are you always behind in your studies?"

Pupil: "So that I can pursue them, teacher."

Patient: "What shall I take to remove the redness from my nose?"

Doctor: "Take nothing, sir—especially between meals."

The Historic Richelieu Valley

(By Major the Rev A. H. Moore, M.A.)

PART II.

The River Fortified

During the thirty-five years following Champlain's journey up the Richelieu, nothing transpired that claims our attention now. In 1642 a fort, called Richelieu, was built at the mouth of the river, only to be soon abandoned and later on burnt by the Iroquois. In 1663 the Marquis de Tracy, a brave old soldier of much distinction, was sent to Canada and the Carignan Salieres regiment, about 1,200 strong, was detailed for duty in the colony and sent out by detachments. Connected with that regiment were many men whose names are perpetuated along the Richelieu:—Berthier, Sorel, Chambly, Chazy. Many names carved on the main entrance to Fort Chambly are of officers of this regiment. At once a vigorous policy was adopted towards the hostile Iroquois. Fort Richelieu was rebuilt in 1665, and Fort St. Louis at Chambly Basin. Another fort was erected and named Ste. Therese, at a point about six miles up the river from Chambly. According to Garneau, the historian, the first fort at St. Johns was built in 1665, by order of M. De Tracy, the governor of the colony, simultaneously with that of Chambly and the others. The plan of this fort, a draft of which is in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, indicates that it was roomy and elegant in construction, the four angles being formed by bastions several storeys high, with pinnacles, which must have given it a very fine appearance. The trenches which surround the present military school would therefore date from that time—more than two hundred years ago. (Huot's "Siege of Fort St. Johns, 1755," published in 1889). To complete the line of defences, M. de Repentigny was sent to Isle La Motte, which lies at the outlet of Lake Champlain, in the fall of 1665, to prepare the site for a fort, which was completed the following year and named Fort Ste. Anne. De Tracy at once followed up these preparations against the Iroquois by invading their territory, and although failing to come to close quarters with any considerable number of them, he impressed them with a sense of French power, and a peace was signed which lasted for several years and enabled the French to

make considerable progress in settling along the St. Lawrence and lower Richelieu. While the protection afforded by these fortified posts along the Richelieu enabled settlements to be made, and while the land on either banks was exceptionally fertile, the progress of settlement was slow. Grants of wide areas of land were made on the condition that a certain number of settlers should be placed thereon, a mill erected and some small progress made. One of these grants was a portion of land on the east side of the upper Richelieu, which was given to Sieur Francois Foucault. It included the southwest corner of the present county of Missisquoi, and still bears the name of its original owner. Afterwards this tract of land was held by General Haldimand, who in turn sold it to Henry Caldwell, hence the name "Caldwell Manor." This attempt at settlement, made in 1731, was, like many others—short-lived.

The reason for the slow progress along this line is soon stated. It grew out of physical conditions. Parkman makes it quite clear when he writes as follows:—"Through the midst of the great Canadian wilderness stretched Lake Champlain, pointing straight to the heart of the British settlement—a waterway thoroughfare of neutral attack, and the only approach by which, without a long detour, by wilderness or sea, a hostile army could come within striking distance of the colony." The Richelieu was the portion of that waterway where any hostile force using it would always be a menace to the settlements along its banks. It was not difficult for such a force to make a detour past any fortified point and strike a blow at an isolated settlement. Consequently we have now to pass to a long period of forays, raids, punitive expeditions and continuous suspense. One or two of these incidents must serve to illustrate the tension of the times.

A Series of Raids

In August, 1690, when Frontenac was at Montreal, rejoicing in a prosperous fur trade with the now friendly Indians of the Upper Lakes, warning was given of the mustering of a large English force, with Iroquois allies, at Lake George. Later reports dispelled the original alarm, for, although a

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formidable force was actually assembled there under General Winthrop, it disintegrated, and the advance upon Montreal was abandoned. Capt. John Schuyler was however permitted to make a raid into Canada. With twenty-nine whites and one hundred and twenty Indians, he descended the Richelieu, going nearly to Chambly, fell suddenly upon Laprairie, whence Frontenac had just gone with his soldiers, and killed or captured twenty-five. All outbuildings were burnt, but the fort was not attacked. His Iroquois allies refused to attempt to storm that. In the following year another war party descended the Richelieu, under Major Peter Schuyler's command. This force, numbering two hundred and sixty, and nearly half white men, was more formidable. Leaving his canoes under a guard at a point near the site of the present city of St. Johns, he marched through the forest and fell upon Laprairie. His coming was expected, and Callieres, the local governor of Montreal, had a force ready to receive him, but Schuyler caught him unawares, struck his blow and withdrew. He was followed, took refuge in a neighbouring ravine, repulsed the attack of the French superior force and

then, having inflicted great loss, slowly retired towards his canoes on the Richelieu. He soon found his progress challenged; a French force, led by Valrenne, and reinforced by Hurons and Algonquins, marched from Chambly, hoping to take Schuyler in the rear as he marched on Laprairie. At a point about four miles beyond St. Luc village, now called by the inhabitants, "La Bataille," the two forces met and a bloody battle was fought. Valrenne failed in his purpose of driving Schuyler back upon the superior force at Laprairie. Again and again the combatants were mingled in deadly combat, and Schuyler finally broke through, leaving about forty men dead upon the field. He found his canoes safe at St. Johns and retreated to Albany. A cross marks the scene of this bloody encounter.

In 1693, Frontenac, still smarting from the blow struck by Major Schuyler, sent a force of 600 or 700 French and Indians up the Richelieu and over Lake Champlain in January. They travelled on the ice, invaded the Iroquois

*At this time the road to Laprairie branched off from the river road at Jackwood Creek, immediately below St. Johns.

country, destroyed Schenectady, carried off 300 prisoners, endured fearful hardships and struck terror into the hearts of their ancient enemies.

On either side preparations were going on all the time or anxious thought was being taken for invasion of the territory of their near enemy, the sovereignty of Lake Champlain was the objective, and the Richelieu valley was the highway upon which every advance on either side must pass to success. As late as 1760 the famous scout, Major Robert Rogers, whose daring raid upon the Abenakis Indians at St. Francis, on the river bearing the same name, the preceding year, had shown what difficulties could be overcome on such raids, was sent to surprise and capture St. Johns and Chambly. He was himself surprised by a French force that sallied forth from Isle aux Noix. He drove his assailants back upon their island fortress, made a detour past the already forewarned fort at St. Johns, destroyed the stockade fort at Ste. Therese, beside the island in the Richelieu of the same name, took twenty-five prisoners, and returned to Crown Point. (This marks the passing of Fort Ste. Therese.)

During this stormy time the wooden fort at St. Johns was rebuilt in 1748 to protect the surrounding country and serve as a base for supplies of every kind for fortresses or forces operating higher up the river or in Lake Champlain. There were a few scattered cottages along the upper Richelieu, but a little further down the country along its banks was inhabited without interruption. Eleven years after Fort St. Johns was rebuilt and enlarged (i.e. in 1759). Bourlemaque had erected a fort at Isle aux Noix, of which General Amherst wrote as follows on Sept. 8th, 1760:—"Upon this island he (Bourlemaque) erected such a number of works as to render it, by all accounts impregnable, and every one agrees who has taken a view of them that the Isle aux Noix, had it been attacked, would have been the churchyard of the British army." This beautiful island, upwards of a mile in length, quite commanded the river. Today there stands upon its southern end the massive and impressive Fort Lennox, built of beautiful cut stone and surrounded by great earthworks, bastions, a moat, drawbridge, and other evidence of the military operations of days happily gone by. This fort, projected

in 1819, was built by the British Government in 1823, and I have a plan of the island, as it was in 1863, before the withdrawal of the Imperial garrison. Outside the fort were many buildings, including church, school, marine barracks stores, etc. Two neglected cemeteries now lie at the northern end, all these buildings have disappeared, nearly all the gravestones have disappeared from the cemeteries, but the fort remains as the most substantial monument now standing on the river to the troubled times when history was in the making along the Richelieu.

Our story now arrives at that time when the fight for Canada reached its climax, and when English and French were putting forth every effort for supremacy. Montcalm's successful defence of Ticonderoga, in July, 1758, and the crushing defeat of the British under Abercrombie, promised security to the Richelieu valley. The French were doing their fighting on Lake Champlain, but dissensions between Montcalm and Vaudreuil, lack of adequate reinforcements from France, corruption and internal intrigue, soon shifted the balance against the gallant defenders of Canada. General Amherst had no sooner succeeded

Abercrombie than he began assembling a formidable force at Lake George of 7,000 men. Before such a force the French were helpless, and De Bourlemaque fell back upon the Isle aux Noix as the best point at which to check the advance. On August 16th, Haviland encamped near him and on the 23rd began a bombardment of the fort. The British guns played havoc with De Bourlemaque's shipping, and the fortress was deemed untenable. On August 28th the French evacuated the post and proceeded down the Richelieu, Haviland taking possession at once. On the following day the French, under Roquemaure, burnt the fort at St. Johns, and with the Isle aux Noix garrison, joined Vaudreuil at Montreal. Thus Isle aux Noix was the key to Montreal and Canada. Quebec had fallen. This was the last strategic point to fall before an attack, and on September 7th Vaudreuil signed articles of capitulation. **The fight for Canada practically closed along the Richelieu.**

The first article of this series told something of the story of the Richelieu Valley during the French regime and up to the time when, upon the surrender of Isle-aux-Noix and St. Johns in August,

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1758, the Union Jack of England displaced the Fleur de Lys of old France. The course of events under British rule must now occupy our attention.

With English supremacy established in Canada, we might easily expect to find that rapid strides would have been made in the settlement of the rich lands along the Richelieu in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Space will no permit me to dwell upon the developments along this line during the fifteen years following 1760. Available settlers were few in number and those already established now settled down to agricultural pursuits in comparative security. But not for long. Storm clouds were soon seen piled heavy and dark on the southern horizon and the storm broke in 1775. The Boston tea party had taken place. The thirteen American colonies were in revolt.

We have not time now to be concerned with general political history but it is worth while noting that the Quebec Act, under which Canada was governed for seventeen years after 1774, caused great resentment in the thirteen colonies to the south and was invoked as one of the many reasons why Canada should make common cause with them in their rebellion, or else at east preserve a benevolent neutrality. This appeal to the Canadians fell upon responsive ears in the Richelieu Valley. When H.R.H. the Prince of Wales visited St. Johns on October 29th, 1919, an address was presented to him which claimed that "In 1775 the sons of the Richelieu Valley rose as a **live rampart** to stop the wave of independence that Montgomery wished to roll over them." They did nothing of the kind! Attested facts quite disprove this claim. Here are a few assertions, culled almost at random from Kingsford's narrative of these stormy days:—

When the troops of Congress had arrived at Isle-aux-Noix in 1775, he observes, "It became known that they were unopposed by the habitants, and had been supplied with food and intelligence." Again, "the majority of the habitants, living in the district of the Richelieu, were to be found on the side of Congress, and a considerable number of them took the field." When Maclean was attempting to recruit a force to withstand the invader, affairs on the Richelieu being desperate, "the habitants to save themselves from being forced to serve, took to the woods." Later Chabot appeared with considerable naval force near Sorel, and Kingsford observes that "This exhibition

of force induced several of the habitants of the Richelieu parishes to enroll themselves, declaring their readiness to serve the King; but no sooner had they received their arms than they deserted to the side of Congress." Badeaux tells of the bad feeling observable in the several parishes of the Richelieu, "most of the inhabitants taking the side of Congress." (Kingsford, Vol. V, p. 423). Thus the "live rampart" of the address passes as a fiction; and I have only alluded to it in the interests of historical accuracy and that I may go on and say that many of the English settlers were either dissatisfied or actually engaged in sympathetic assistance to the invader. One Hazen, who owned land both in Iberville and St. Johns, was especially troublesome and traitorous. This by way of illustrating the difficulty which Sir Guy Carleton and his forces had to face when the storm actually broke upon Canada.

When Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys captured Ticonderoga on May 10th, 1775, and practically broke British power on Lake Champlain, a small King's sloop rode at anchor at St. Johns, along with several batteaux. The sloop was coveted by the rebels and Benedict Arnold proceeded down the river, captured St. Johns May 17th and took away the sloop, the small garrison of a sergeant and twelve men, seven sailors and some small stores. The batteaux were destroyed. He was met on his return journey by Ethan Allen, who insisted on returning with a party and holding the ground taken at



THE BATHING BEACH, CAVALRY BARRACKS, ST. JOHNS.

During the summer months the above scene is a daily one on the bathing beach. The youngsters flock there in large numbers and apparently have a real good time. They resent the intrusion of our photographer, however, and are all set to give him a good "mud-balling."

St. Johns. Allen camped opposite the captured fort, but was attacked by 200 regular troops from Chambly, under Capt. Anstruther, and forced to retire, reaching Ticonderoga on May 21st. This small raid was of great consequence to the British, as it destroyed their means of transportation into Lake Champlain.

Preson's Heroic Defence.

It now became evident that St. Johns was, as Parkman says, "the key to Canada." Steps were taken at once to make the place tenable. A considerable fort was built, consisting of two redoubts built about a couple of stone

houses; earthworks were hastily erected and the whole enclosed within a palisade; the inside only of which was sodded. The British force in Canada at the time was exceedingly small, but Sir Guy Carleton* considered Quebec safe from attack and despatched the troops stationed there to carry on the work and hold St. Johns in

*Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, was Governor of Canada and "Vice Admiral of the Same," a designation still borne by the Governor General. He was one of the finest and ablest statesmen England ever gave to her colonial possessions and is rightly styled "The Father of British Canada" by Colonel William Wood, in his work bearing that title in the Chronicles of Canada Series, to which the reader is referred.

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case of attack. Major Preston was placed in command while down the Richelieu, at Fort Chambly Major Stopford was in command of a rather strong stone structure on the banks of Chambly Basin. It became evident that an attack was imminent, and as the whole country along the Richelieu was open to the troops of Congress, the above-named forts being the only exceptions, the hopes for defence centred in these two posts. General Schuyler, commander-in-chief of the troops of Congress, assembled to invade Canada, handed over the task to General Montgomery, who had upwards of 3,000 men under his command. By the time Montgomery reached a point near St. Johns Major Preston had a garrison of 696 all ranks, while the force at Chambly numbered 82 men. This seems a small force with which to hold out against so formidable an attacking army, and when it is remembered that St. Johns has no natural advantage for defence, Major Preston's position appears to be desperate enough. Add to this the fact that blankets and other equipment for the garrison from Montreal failed to reach the garrison, that shelter was scant at the outset and after a few bombardments was non-exist-

ent, and his defence of the place for forty-six days deserves to rank among the most stubborn and heroic in the annals of Canadian warfare. His diary of the siege has recently been published in the Proceedings of the Canadian Archives and is most interesting reading. The siege began on September 17, and the heroic defenders drawn mainly from the 7th Fusiliers, the 26th Regiment and the Royal Artillery, never slackened in their vigilance or their resourcefulness. Montgomery, whose main camp was along the creek that now bears his name, became depressed at the protracted and unsuccessful effort to subdue the little garrison and sent to the south for heavier artillery. He had batteries all around the fort and across the river but could not daunt the defenders. Some idea of Major Preston's complete isolation can be gained from the fact that on September 25th the impetuous Ethan Allen attempted to capture Montreal with a small force, but was taken prisoner. As Preston held out, waiting from day to day for relief from Montreal, not knowing that Carleton's efforts to that end had failed because a strong force of Congress soldiers had prevented him from landing on the southern shore of

the St. Lawrence, he received a staggering blow when informed that Major Stopford had surrendered Chambly on October 18th. Stopford's action was a piece of unpardonable cowardice. He might have held out for some time, but when a single gun was brought to bear against his strong fortress he gave up, not even destroying his stores nor casting his powder into the Richelieu. The result was that Montgomery at once replenished his failing stock of ammunition and supplies from the Chambly spoils and Preston's position became hopeless. Stopford was returned to England, and instead of being tried by court martial and shot, as he deserved, this cowardly son of a British peer was elected to a seat in the House of Commons! It was not, however, until November 2nd, when provisions for only three days remained and all ammunition was spent, that Preston capitulated and marched out of the fort with all the honours of war. When articles of capitulation were being arranged Montgomery sent Preston a draft containing a commendation of the "fortitude and perseverance of the garrison," but saying, "I wish they had been (shown) in a better cause." Preston insisted upon

this indignity being erased, declaring "The garrison being determined to die with their arms in their hands rather than submit to the indignity of this reflection." This retort doubtless inspired a similar one from Burgoyne to Gates two years later at Saratoga, and in this instance it prevailed. The words objected to were struck out by Montgomery! The fall of St. Johns opened the way to Montreal which surrendered to Montgomery ten days later. During the siege every eighth man in the garrison was either killed or wounded, but Major Preston's diary reads true to the spirit that demanded honourable conditions for the surrender of the place.

(To be continued)

Mother: "Listen, Joseph. The vicar found that poor little wail had been left on his doorstep, and he's adopted him and is going to give him a home at the vicarage."

Joseph: "Oh, mother, does that make the vicar a step-father?"

"Daddy," said Willie, "I had a dream last night that you gave me sixpence."

"Well," replied his daddy, "as you have been a good boy lately you may keep it."



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